The Mess You Make

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The Mess You Make

by orphan_account

Summary

Stan gets a scholarship for boxing and ends up going to Backupsmore with Ford. If he wins a match, Ford rewards him – if he loses, well. That's another story.

For Stancest Week 2017, Feb 2: Alternate Universe.

By round six, it's clear to everybody in the stadium that Stan's a dead man except for Stan himself, who's still spitting like a cat and moving loose-limbed, punch-drunk. He'd be snapping insults one after another if it weren't for his mouth guard. He settles instead for using his body, his hooded eyes, the relaxed threat of his head cocking this way and that, and – naturally – his fists. But his opponent keeps blocking him in, not letting him get the full weight of his body into his punches. It's his weight he needs. Too bad for Stan.

Ford has gone quiet on the sidelines; the loss of one voice makes no difference in the crowd. He brought a paperback to read while waiting for Stan's fight; he twists and twists it, now, watching as his brother takes jabs to his face and chest in quick succession. *Go down,* he thinks. Stan won't. The blockhead never does, right up until his body forces him to, and even then he often just sags against the ropes and drools bloody spittle onto his chest and belly until the ref takes pity on him.

Stan's opponent cracks him across the face, a perfect hit, strong and quick. Blood splatters onto the mat. Ford knows that he can't hear it, logically, not with all the noise, the commentators, the jeering, the pounding of his own heart, but he swears that he does, that wet private noise of Stan losing a little more life. Stan shakes his head, hard, like a dog. He takes one more hit, and crumples to a knee, and then down.

"*K-aay-oh!"*

Ford lets out a shaky breath and relaxes his hold on the book. "It's fine," he says, under his breath. "You did your best."

Stan's coach swings under the ropes; he and the ref check him over. Stan bats their hands away, or tries, but it's unfocused. His coach reaches into Stan's mouth and takes out his mouth guard; spit and blood drains out of his mouth in a long, ugly string, and Ford moans, before remembering himself. He bites his knuckles. Stan lets himself be hauled up, as the winner's hand is lifted, as victory passes to another man.

Ford slides out of the crowd.

*

All in all, it takes maybe twenty minutes for Stan to have the locker room to himself. His coach and the nurse have to check him over, and the next fighters have to get ready, and then Stan's coach has to say whatever it is he says to believe he's keeping Stan from tumbling into a self-pitying drunken haze tonight. It feels like it takes hours. Ford keeps his back flush to the wall, waiting, listening, carefully not touching himself though he is hyper-aware of the soft press of his underwear and slacks against his cock.

Stan's coach recognizes Ford, when he steps out. He nods, briefly. He's pissed. Must've put money on Stan. Ford doesn't care; Ford has nothing to say to the man. Ford waits another two breaths, then shakes his head to clear it and ducks into the locker room. It smells like sweat, and bodies, and steam. Stan is hunched over on a bench, still shirtless, his skin glowing with sweat.

He lifts his head. There are bits of tissue stuck in his nostrils.

“Really, Stanley?” Ford says. Stan tongues at his swollen bottom lip. He looks worse up close, with time letting his skin show the damage. His left eye is almost shut, his nose a blackening bruise, his lip split. His mouth is not quite shut; the crooked lines of his teeth are wet and red.

“Fucker was good,” Stan says. “You saw.” He tongues at his bottom lip again, then tilts his head back and opens his mouth.

Ford drops the book onto the bench; the noise is loud enough that Stan jerks in surprise, but he doesn’t take his eyes off of Ford. “Better than you?” Ford says.

“Guess so.” Stan reaches up and unbuckles Ford’s belt without fanfare, not so much as a teasing smile. The outline of his cock is visible through his shorts. He’s been waiting for this since the fifth round, probably, when he knew he would lose, knew what was waiting for him. He hums under his breath when he tugs Ford’s pants and underwear down, exposing his stiffening cock. “Geez,” he says, and might have said something else.

Ford’s not interested in hearing Stan’s bullshit. He drops a hand on Stan’s head, not quite a hit, certainly not gentle, either, and rocks his hips forward. The head of his cock rubs against Stan’s cheek and Stan sucks in a sharp breath; his hand comes up, an automatic movement, and then becomes focused enough to wrap around Ford’s cock. “Don’t make me wait,” Ford says.

“Yes, sir,” Stan says. It’s almost sarcastic.

He tilts his head and opens his mouth and sucks the head of Ford’s cock into his mouth with a soft grunt of pain. Ford gasps – he’s never quite ready for the wet heat of Stan’s mouth, the pressure, that first sharp thrill of pleasure. Stan’s face screws up in pain. He goes still for a moment, just holding the head of Ford’s cock in his mouth, his tongue shifting a little against it.

“What’s the matter, Stanley?” Ford asks. It doesn’t matter that he’s a little out of breath; it’ll have the same effect.

And it does, like it always does, like it always has and always will – Stan has to *prove* himself now, has to show Ford that it doesn’t hurt that much, that he’s *better* than the pain. He glowers up at Ford for a second, then his expression changes to something that would be cocky, if it weren’t for his sorry state. He bends his head down and sucks the rest of Ford’s cock into his mouth, right up to the base, his nose burying in the soft hair at Ford’s pelvis.

Ford’s fingers sink into Stan’s hair. He groans, the noise echoing oddly in the empty locker room. Stan grunts, choked and soft, a rolling movement against Ford’s cock. He can’t breathe like this, Ford thinks, not with his nose stopped up and his throat tight around Ford’s cock.

A surge of arousal goes through him. Good. He tightens his grip in Stan’s hair and thrusts, once, to show Stan what’s coming. Stan jerks in surprise; he grabs Ford’s hips, hard. He doesn’t push Ford back. Ford starts to roll his hips, slow at first, letting himself enjoy the wet

drag of Stan's tongue, the unsteady way Stan tries to suck despite the pain. His face is starting to flush, and darken.

"What a disappointment," Ford says. Stan's eyes flutter shut, and he moans. He's just as hard as Ford, at this point, but he keeps his hands where they are, tightening and relaxing against Ford's hips. He starts to fuck Stan's face in earnest, then, with short, punishing thrusts. Stan's lip has started to bleed again; it drips down his chin, mixing with his spit, drips down Ford's cock until it's a mess of blood and drool. It doesn't take long before Stan starts to whimper from the pain, from the need to breathe. Ford jams his cock down Stan's throat and holds his face there, holds him still.

Slowly, taking his time, Ford touches the tissues in Stan's nose. "What's the matter, Stanley?" he says. Stan groans, loud. His nails dig into Ford's hips; they'll leave marks. Ford pulls the tissues out, one at a time, watching in fascination as Stan's blood starts to drip out of his nose again, over Ford's cock.

It's only then that he pulls back. Stan gasps, sucking air down in shaky gulps. His eyes are wet when he glares up at Ford. "Asshole," he wheezes out. "You fucking *dick."*

Ford bites his lip. He rubs his thumb over Stan's forehead, slow, gentle. "You're the one who lost," he says. He drags his hand down through Stan's hair, to cup the back of his head. He yanks him forward. Stan doesn't protest except to make a muffled sound; Ford starts to fuck him in earnest, thrusting into the bloody mess of his mouth, the suffocating heat of him. Even with his nose free, Stan is struggling to breathe, only taking shallow wet inhales, each exhale expelling droplets of blood. A tear drips down Stan's cheek, and then another. He reaches between his legs and starts to stroke himself through his shorts; Ford jams his cock down Stan's throat.

"No," he says.

Stan lets go of himself, his hand tightening into a convulsive fist.

It's enough to be obeyed. Ford comes with a strangled noise; Stan doesn't have a choice, has to either swallow his come or choke on it. A line of come drips down his chin, mixed in with spit and blood; Ford pulls out as his orgasm is waning, one last line of come splattering over Stan's mouth and cheek.

For a moment, neither of them move, their breath rattling in the quiet air. Stan opens and shuts his hand, then settles for clutching at his own knee, his fingers digging in. "Ford," he says, a straight-forward plea.

Ford takes a step back. "Go clean up," he says. He tugs his pants up. "Then come up to my dorm."

He won't give Stan anything more definitive than that – Ford doesn't know himself what he wants, yet, doesn't know if he wants to keep pushing Stan until he's outright begging. Maybe.

Stan makes a low, wounded noise, and shuts his eyes. But he doesn't argue.

Ford turns and leaves without a backward glance – he already knows what he'd see if he looked back, Stan's barely-restrained desire, the bloody mess he's made of himself, the way his arm flexes and flexes, just on the edge of doing what he wants.

The door shuts with a bang.

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